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STROTHER BROS.

A "MODEL FATHER."

Story of a Scheming Tragedian and His Pretty Daughter.

Low Cunning and Selfish Ambition on the One Hand, and Innocent Purity and Dutiful Devotion on the Other.

BY DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

"Now I'll talk to you," said Mr. Leverett, shaking his head at the tragedian in a stern and menacing fashion "You thundering old scoundrel!"

"How—how dare you, sir?" cried Bassett.

"Dare?" replied Leverett, squaring his shoulders and shaking his head again. "I don't dare anything in talking to you. I'm not a woman. You won't abuse me. No, sir. You know better." The broad shouldered scenic artist actually pranced, he squared himself to such an extent at Bassett. He laughed also, not by any means in a forced or unnatural way, but with a hearty scorn which really did seem to find amusement in its certainity of Bassett's cowardice. And, to tell the truth, the tragedian looked as if he were prepared to justify his guest's opinion of him. His pale lips moved uneasily, and his eyes were shifty. But the smaller dog will growl when you take his bone away, and the meanest human creatures resent the theft of his last rag of dignity.

"I demand," said Mr. Bassett, shakily, "that you adopt a different manner with me, sir."

"If my manner doesn t suit you," responded Mr. Leverett, "I am naturally very sorry, but I can't alter it. I'm here with a proposal and an alternative. When you turned your daughter out of house and home last night—"

"I turn my daughter out of house and home?" cried Bassett.

"Upon my word," said Leverett, "I almost believe that you believe you didn't. Silence! When you turned your daughter out of house and home last night, she might have perished in the streets, and would have done so, probably enough, if she had not been recognized by a friend who brought her for shelter to my house at Maida Vale. Now don't you say anything, because I've got your daughter's word beforehand, and I'd believe it against a million of yours. Six months ago and more you told your daughter a lie which broke her heart, and you told her sweetheart a lie which broke *his* heart. Now, I'm not the champion of the world at large, but I'm going to take this upon my shoulders. Act fairly by your little girl, Bassett, or I'll whip you out of every society in London."

"You will?" asked Mr. Bassett, trying to look scornful, with but indifferent success. "And how, may I ask?"

"You know as well as I do," said the unwelcome guest, shaking a threatening finger at him, "that I've only got to tell this story down the Strand to make it impossible for you to put your head within the doors of any club in London."

"My daughter is at liberty to return here," said Mr. Bassett. "She is welcome to the house she left of her own free-will."

Leverett laid his hand upon the bell and rang a tremendous peal. The maid was engaged somewhere, and the mistress answered. At her knock the scene-painter unlocked the door.

"Pray come in, ma'am," said he, with a flourish of politeness. "Can you tell me, madam, anything of the manner in which Miss Bassett left your house last night?"

"Well, sir," said the landlady, with an uncertain look at the tragedian, "Mr. Bassett has been in the 'ouse, sir, a many years, and I've never had anything to say again him until now. I believe, sir, that he were to some extent in liquor. But I don't know, sir," said the landlady, coming to a sudden stop, "what right you've got to ask me, sir?"

"Miss Bassett took refuge in my house, madam," said Leverett. "Mr. Bassett declares that she left home of her own free-will."

"She did," cried Bassett.

"Oh, Mr. Bassett, sir, how can you?" The landlady turned formidable on a sudden. "I saw the poor dear young thing cast out into the street, sir," she cried to Leverett. "And Lovejoy, my husband, sir, runs after 'her as fast as he could go, but she'd got a minute's start of him, and the snow was drifting so you couldn't scarcely see a yard, and I suppose he took the wrong road, sir, and she disappeared. But, leave of her own free-will, poor dear? You drove her from the door," cried the landlady, turning on Bassett with a screaming voice, "you know you did. You drove her from the door."

"Thank you very much indeed, ma'am," said Leverett, suavely. "Shall I have the pleasure of carrying your best wishes to Miss Bassett? Thank you. And will you oblige me, ma'am, by ordering one of your servants to pack up Miss Bassett's things? The young lady will stay with my wife and daughter, who are old friends of hers. Thank you. Good-afternoon, ma'am, though I trust to have the pleasure of seeing you again before I go."

During this speech of Leverett's he and the landlady were moving to and fro in a sort of wandering dance, she being animated by a desire to get at Bassett with a view to the delivery of her mind, and Leverett politely bent on seeing her out of the room without an unnecessary scene.

"Thank you ma'am, extremely. *Good*-afternoon. For the present only." In some mysterious way the landlady's dance, directed by Leverett, had led her from the room, the door was locked again, and the key was once more in the visitor's pocket. Now, you low blackguard," said Leverett, turning on Bassett with quite a rollicking air of denunciation. "what have you to say?"

"By what right," asked Bassett, with his face a chalky gray, and all his features twitching,—"by what right do you pretend to assume the guardianship of my daughter?"

"Now you mustn't," said the scenic artist, shaking his head threateningly —"you really mustn't take that tone with me. You criminal dog!" He shook a heavy-looking fist with unpleasant emphasis directly under Mr. Bassett's nose, and regarded his old acquaintance with great sternness for a minute. In face of this expressive pantomime, Mr. Bassett gradually retired until he reached a sofa; and, being taken by it at the back of the knees, he sat down unexpectedly. "And now," said Leverett, "we'll go to business, if you please. You are prosperous, and you can afford to make your daughter a liberal allowance. After what has happened you can't expect her to surrender herself to your care again."

Leverett having taken a seat at a little distance from him, the tragedian felt less perturbed, and was able to make a faint show of resistance.

"This is all very well, dear boy, no doubt," he began. "But I do not recognize your right to come here and hector me as to what I shall or shall not do with my own affairs." Leverett made a movement in his chair, and Mr. Bassett added hastily, with a deprecatory hand outstretched toward him, "I am willing to make fitting provision for her. I have been a good and tender father to her for twenty years. Until this most unhappy dispute" (his handkerchief came out again) "arose between us, I never crossed her will in anything. And here I interfered," (he removed the handkerchief) "only to prevent her from attaching herself to a profligate with whom she would have been wretched."

"Meaning Jack Cameron?" asked Leverett. "Now I know them both, Bassett, and that sort of talk won't do with me. Jack's worth a hundred of the fellow you wanted, and you wanted *him* simply and purely because he was a man with money and might have made things nice for you."

"I acted for the best," said Mr. Bassett, resorting to the handkerchief again. "And if . . night I somewhat overstepped the bounds of parental authority, and perhaps I did, it was intended for the girl's good, and I never meant her to take me at my word."

"I believe that," said Leverett, nodding at him. "You'd bully up to the last point where you dared, I know." The visitor seemed to have an amazingly poor opinion of his host. "But now we'll go to business. Your daughter won't come back to you again. In the course of a year or two she may learn to bear the sight of you if you behave yourself, for blood's thicker than water, when all's said and done. But at present she can't come back again, and she won't. Now, the landlady will have her things ready by and by, and I shall take a four-wheeler and carry them home, and you'll make her a decent allowance. How much?"

Mr. Bassett could not say. He was not himself. He desired to be liberal. He would look to his affairs and let Leverett know by an early post—probably to-morrow. He begged an old friend's kindest construction for a thoughtless speech on the part of an angry father, too seriously interpreted by a willful child. He sent the kindest messages to his daughter, and accompanied them by a request for her forgiveness.

"Now look here, Bassett," said Leverett, finally. "If you break your promise by a letter, I'll post you in every theatrical club in London. Behave yourself, and we' try to keep things quiet."

"I will do everything," said Bassett, rising with a vacant look and stretching out his hands as if things were not clear to him. "But I have been up all night in great agitation, dear boy, and I can't think now, and—and—I feel a very extraordinary sense of faintness. Horace, dear boy, the whisky's in the cupboard." He sank back upon the sofa, breathing heavily.

"Now, by the living jingo," cried Leverett. "I'll cane the life out of you. You amazing humbug."

But Mr. Bassett's faintness turning out to be a real thing, in spite of the theatrical tricks by which it was accompanied, his guest helped him to a glass of whisky-and-water and saw him gradually revive. The fact was that the great tragedian, after thirty years' practice, was helpless to avoid the mannerisms of his profession, and it is probable that when he dies he will have a half-consciousness, at least, of doing it in a becoming attitude.

"Leverett," he said, faintly, "I can't play to-night, dear boy. Ring the bell. I must have a doctor, and send round a certificate. I will do whatever you think best, dear boy, but I can't think about it now."

"Well, I can see that you're seedy, Bassett," said the pitiless Leverett, "and so you deserve to be after what you've done. I wish I could think it was your conscience at work, that's all."

In the course of a half-hour or so Mr. Leverett departed triumphantly with a cab-load of luggage, and in due time arrived at Maida Vale with it, to the great astonishment of the household, who had been kept in ignorance of his intent.

Mr. Montgomery Bassett kept his promise, and a liberal share of his weekly income was set apart for his daughter's use. Leverett, in return, kept *his* promise, and for awhile the theatrical world heard nothing of the great tragedian's misbehavior. But Mary Bassett, though as little of a gossip as ever lived, had, in the agitation of their first meeting, revealed enough to make Matilda Leverett wish for more. What Matilda knew Mr. Cassidy knew, and William was so instant and earnest in his proclamation of Jack's faith that Matilda could do no less than carry his reports to Mary. In this wise the full sum of Montgomery Bassett's doings became known to his daughter, and nothing on earth could stop Cassidy's tongue. The committee of the Cannibals requested Mr. Bassett to remove his name from the club books, and the committee of the Footlights followed suit.

All this brought about, or helped to bring about, mournful results for Mr. Montgomery Bassett. Men who had been jealous of him—and the world behind the footlights is no freer of jealousy than the world of music, or journalism, or painting, or authorship—were glad of a chance to snub him and show him a cold shoulder. He dropped perforce out of his old way of lobnobbing with the critics, and out of sight was out of mind. In these circumstances it seemed natural to have more frequent recourse than ever to Scotch whisky, and the whisper got abroad that Bassett was on the downward road. Then his London engagement coming to a close, his name, advertised week by week in the *Era*, seemed to attract less attention than of old, and so he actually got upon the downward road, and, being on it, shot like a toboggan till, while the guns at Shipka bellowed at each other across the ravine, and Jack Cameron lay in a little cottage at the edge of the forest of plum-trees, Mr. Montgomery Bassett, the admired tragedian, was living a shiftless life in obscure lodgings, and passing with lingering step and hungry eyes the stage-doors he had entered six months earlier like a king.

CHAPTER XI.

On the morning of Cameron's disaster, Colonel Savage D. Sprague dispatched two telegrams, one being as long as he could possibly make it, and the other as short as he could possibly make it. The long telegram was addressed to the Telville *Daily Graphic*, and the short one to William Cassidy. The latter set out in vivid and striking narrative the disaster which had befallen the valued artist-correspondent of the *Graphic*, and the second demanded Mr. William Cassidy's instant acceptance or refusal of the post vacated by Cameron's disablement. Colonel Sprague, being now liberated from other European engagements, was himself upon the spot to superintend the verbal horrors and splendors, and Cassidy had been growling in his hearing for five months past about not having had a chance to see a campaign. The Colonel knew no other man so likely to suit him, and, since action had to be prompt, had dispatched his message without losing a moment.

Upon receipt thereof, Mr. Cassidy, who was sitting disconsolate before a blank canvas, and cudgeling his brains for an "oydava," leaped for sudden joy, and betook himself to the performance of energetic juggling tricks with the water-bottle. "Wire," so run the message, "acceptance or rejection of post as artist at the seat of war for Telville *Graphic*. If acceptance, draw at London Bureau and start immediately. Cameron disabled." The first hurried glance at the telegram had revealed its main purport, and had thrown Cassidy into the seventh heaven. A second look showed the ominous last words, and they brought him down again. Their vagueness gave them terrors for the Irishman's friendly heart; and he started for Maida Vale with his original exultation altogether chilled. He must see Horace and Matilda before he could accept the Colonel's offer.

Now Mr. Montgomery Bassett's weekly allowance to his daughter had ceased some three months before this date, and by this time Mr. Bassett was beginning himself to be sorely in need of an allowance, and his whereabouts were unknown to Mary and to Leverett. But while it lasted his weekly payment had been generous enough to allow the girl to live on less than half of it, and she was still provided for, though the future began to look a little blank and discouraging. She lived on with the Leverett's, without adding greatly to the expenses of the easy-going household; and Leverett of an evening would declare to Mrs. Leverett, when his moderate evening glass had warmed his heart, that he was not the man to want to make money out of an orphan, and that as long as Mary paid him what she cost him he was happy. Perhaps, he would add, he might contrive to bear up even a little longer than that, and, indeed, the good fellow would never have taken a penny but for the satisfaction of the girl's own honorable pride. Mary and Matilda were seated together when Cassidy broke in upon them.

"Matilda," he said, lugubriously, "I've the foinest chance of makin' money y' ever heard of in your loife, and I hope ye won't stand in betune me and good fortune."

"William," returned Matilda, "you know I shouldn't dream of such a thing."

"Very well, then," said William. I'm off to-night for the Turkish campaign."

"No, no, no, William," cried Miss Leverett, wildly rising and embracing him.

"Now, there y' are," said Cassidy, "ye won't stand in betune us and ye will stand in betune us. Ye wouldn't dream of it in one breath and ye do it in the next. Now, Matilda, darlin', listen to reason. I'll be comin' home in no time with a thousand pounds in me pocket."

Enter Leverett in paint-spotted velveteen.

"What brings you here at this time of day? Eh? With a light like this you ought to be at work, Bill." Cassidy explained. "That's a different matter. Of course you'll go. Nonsense, Matilda. Of course he'll go. Who's it for, Bill?"

"It's the Telville *Daily Graphic*," said Cassidy.

"Do they want two men? I suppose you'll be going into Asia!"

"I don't know," said Cassidy. "There's the telegram."

"Ah," said Leverett, taking the paper mumblingly: "Wire acceptance or rejection—artist seat of war—Telville *Graphic*. Draw—London Bureau—start immediately. Cameron—"

Cassidy quietly took away the paper, and the two men looked at each other for a mere instant.

"May I see the telegram, Mr. Cassidy?" asked Mary, rising and advancing.

"Well— ye see—Miss Bassett," he began, stammeringly. She took it from his unresisting hand and read it and returned it. Her face, always too pallid in these melancholy days, grew paler still, but she walked from the room quietly and with self-possession.

"I hope there's nothing serious," said Leverett.

"There's no knowing," answered Cassidy. "He may be down with a bout of fever or dysentery, or he may have been thrown from his horse, or have done nothing worse than sprain his wrist. He couldn't draw with a sprained wrist. Or he may be badly hurt, though we'll try to hope not."

"Hush!" said Leverett, and at that instant Mary returned.

"Mr. Cassidy," she began, "will you dispatch a telegram to your friend, Colonel Sprague, and ask the extent of the injury?" She held out her purse to him.

"No," said Cassidy, putting her hand aside. "I won't want that, but I'll wire, and I'll have the answer sent here, because I'll be starting to-night. It's good-bye, Matilda, me darlin' but only for a little while."

Miss Leverett, with the cheering assurance that he was going to certain death, bade him farewell, and retired to her own chamber to prepare for widowhood. Leverett walked out with him

"I hope there's nothing serious about Cameron, Bill. If you find him well enough to listen to you when you get there, you must clear his mind of all this nonsense about Miss Bassett. She's a good girl, Bill, and my women-folks are will'd to see her reconciled to Jack. It's odd that he never answered your letter."

"May be he never got it," said Cassidy. "We've written to each other pretty regularly, but I've had never a word about that first letter. Ye'll see easily enough that I didn't care to go at him again."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

—The pyramid of Cholula, not far from the City of Mexico, is the most massive monument ever raised in America. Its base covers forty-five acres, it is one hundred and fifty feet high, in terraces composed of stone and brick and natural soil heaped up in layers.

—A Raleigh gentleman has a cane over two hundred years old. It was brought from England by his late wife's grandfather, and has been in the possession of the family one hundred and eighty years.

IMPUDENT PARTISANS.

Civil-Service Reform and the Gratuitous Advice Given by Republicans.

There are many Democrats who do not believe in the Civil-Service law, and it is the fashion with certain mugwamp newspapers to call them greedy and to denounce them as unpatriotic. There are just as many Republicans who do not believe in the Civil-Service law. The Republican orators who profess to be its most efficient friends have no respect for it. Very few politicians who have been tied to active party service have any faith in it. It requires the breadth of view and the wisdom, untrammeled by the traditions of active and offensive partisanship of President Cleveland to breed and sustain a belief in the new system of appointments. Everything will come around right in time. The good system will take the place of the bad, and the Democrats will be found to have contributed most to the result.

The *Post* does not think that the hiring of clerks is the most important problem before the President. It agrees that the President is doing as he ought to do, but it thinks that too much noise is made about this selection of tools. The *Post* would like to see a little attention paid to the real work of Government, and it desires a civil service that shall conduct this work on Democratic principles. It believes that at present the service is filled with Republican spoilsmen who will continue to do their work against the Democratic party. The most efficient service that they can render to the Republicans will be by using their Government places as hindrances to the task of the Administration. Not only will reforms be checked whenever they are entrusted to Republican agents, but many a Republican office-holder will consider that he is doing a patriotic duty by bringing a Democratic Administration into disrepute by misfeasance in office. The trouble with the average Republican mind is that it is blind to all goodness among Democrats. The average Republican is a simple-minded person who has learned of George F. Hoar that all Democrats are bad. It is only the brighter Republicans who live in cities who know that George F. Hoar is not to be believed. If a Republican thinks Democratic defeat must be accomplished by foul means or fair, why should he not neglect his duty, or commit official sins for the purpose of discrediting his bad opponent? The teachings of George F. Hoar lead naturally and inevitably to the commission of such offenses against the country.

While the *Post* believes in a reformed Civil-Service (of which the country is not yet possessed), it does not undertake to lecture Democrats who are not yet convinced of the beauties of the present system. There is a good reason for this lack of faith on the part of Democrats. The system went into operation under a Republican Administration. The first rules, under the law, were made by a President who had all his life been a "machine man" and the tool of "machine men." The tender infant was suckled at a hostile breast, and many of the Democrats who looked on thought they saw its little veins fill up with the poison of Republicanism. They thought they were seeing the old, old game, for they knew that the Republican party had resorted to every device to fill the Government with its partisans. They knew that from the Judges on the Supreme Bench to the tide waiters in the custom-houses, all who were said to work for the people worked really for the Republican party. They knew that the party which undertook to carry Civil-Service reform into effect was the only party which had stolen the Presidency through violated oaths and by staining the judicial ermine. Is there any wonder that Democrats do not believe that at present the Civil-Service is based on the merit system, or that the law was honestly administered by Mr. Cleveland's predecessor? Civil-Service reform is admirable; but every one's reform is not to be taken unquestioningly. When Republicans denounce Democrats for not accepting this new thing as it stands today they are simply impudent.—*Boston Post.*

A FRAUDULENT CLAIM.

The Old Story Rehashed by Republican Campaign Orators.

The alleged suppression of the Southern colored vote has long been a favorite subject of complaint with those who formulate the campaign issues of the Republican party. Elections in that sect on have been habitually represented, year after year, as having been carried by the Democrats by gross violations of the right of suffrage, attended with personal violence and bloody outrages of which colored Republicans were the victims.

Although this had got to be an old story, which even as far back as 1876 had lost its freshness, it was persistently brought into use at each recurring election, and this year it is doing service again, especially in Ohio, appearing among the assortment of sectional issues with which the Republican leaders are trying to excite the voters of that unfortunate October State. The Bourbons who are managing the campaign out there are endeavoring to make what they call Southern outrages a leading feature of the contest. They are engaged in this preposterous business at a time when the general improvement observable in the South is due more to the way in which the elections in that region have resulted in recent years than to any other influence. The material prosperity of the South commenced to revive when its substantial and intelligent citizens perpetrated the outrage of supplanting the political influence of desperate adventurers who used the negro vote as the means by which they were enabled to plunder the Southern people.

It is not a little astonishing that the politicians who employ these stale election devices should be unable to see that they are no longer of any account. It should by this time occur to them that popular interest is just now enlisted in matters of a less ancient date. There was a time when negro suffrage at the South was a momentous question. It was at the time when a set of rascally carpet-baggers were using the negroes as political instruments of robbery and oppression. When the Republican leaders, for no other purpose than to augment and perpetuate their political power, subjected the South to the dangerous consequences of negro rule, and the question whether or not the fairest section of the country should be blighted by the rule of rascality combined with ignorance remained undecided, the question of negro suffrage in the South was one of great importance. But since it has been decided in a way that has secured the South from such a terrible evil, and peace and prosperity prevail in that section, the people are taking no further interest in the matter, being assured that the political condition prevailing in the South is the one that is doing it the most material good and securing for its people the greatest measure of social and political tranquility. —*Exchange.*

WHY THEY ARE TURNED OUT.

Offices Under a Democratic Administration Should Be Filled by Democrats.

The opposition press will persist in taking a wrong view of the reason why Republicans are turned out of the Federal offices and Democrats put in their places. A contemporary speaking of such changes, and assuring that they have a partisan purpose, says that they "belie the Democratic professions of the past ten years, made in denouncing Republican machine rule and loudly declaring for reform in the civil service," etc.

If the object of substituting Republican officials by Democrats was no other than to secure the services of the Democratic appointees as party workers, there would be some reason for such talk. But it is so obviously proper that the offices under a Democratic Administration should be filled by Democrats, and it is so evident that the efficiency of the service is prompted by having the subordinate officials in political accord with the heads of an Administration, that it is the merest bosh for any one to say that by turning out office-holders of the opposite party and putting its own people in their places, the Democratic party belies its past denunciation of the way in which the Republicans used the public offices for partisan purposes.

Such changes can be made with the intention of benefiting the civil service, and without the purpose of turning them to partisan advantage; and they should be made if there was any ground for the persistent assertions of the Democrats during "the past ten years" that the Republicans used the public offices as party machines. Of the fact that they were so used there has been abundant proof. Of the propriety of turning out of office men who had been employed as party workers, there can be no question. The charge that the Democrats are belying their past disapprobation of the political use that was made of the public offices had better be delayed until there is better evidence than exists now that they intend to imitate the bad example of their Republican predecessors. — *Harrisburg Patriot.*

"A REIGN OF TERROR."

A Republican Cry That Should Be Applied to the North as Well as the South.

In answer to Senator Sherman's accusation that the Republican vote in the South has been suppressed, it has been shown that in sixteen Southern States Hayes had 1,110,308 votes, Garfield, 1,036,905 and Blaine 1,362,971, showing a large increase of Republican votes. To this the Chicago *Tribune* objects that in nine States of the sixteen—more than half—there "has been no well-organized attempt to suppress the colored vote," and, therefore, in those States the Republican vote has increased. But "Alabama, which gave Grant 90,272, gave Blaine 59,444; Louisiana, which gave 71,663 for Grant gave Blaine 46,347; Mississippi, which gave 82,175 for Grant, gave Blaine 43,509; and South Carolina, which gave 72,290 for Grant, gave Blaine 21,733. Here are nearly 150,000 votes gone in four States alone. In Florida, also, at least forty per cent. of the Republican vote was not polled in 1884. The votes suppressed in these five States would have elected Mr. Blaine President."

If the falling off of the Republican vote in those States shows that it was "suppressed" the falling off of the Democratic vote in the same States shows that the Democratic vote was "suppressed" also. In Louisiana even the Republicans allowed Tilden in 1876 70,518 votes while Cleveland received only 62,540. In South Carolina Tilden had 90,895, Cleveland but 69,890. In Mississippi Tilden received 112,173 in 1876 while Cleveland had but 76,510. In Alabama Tilden received 102,000, Cleveland only 92,973, making a total loss of 74,377 Democratic votes which the Republicans "suppressed."

If the Republican vote was "suppressed" in the South it must, according to the Republican mode of reasoning, have been "suppressed" in the North also. In the four States of Illinois, Massachusetts, Michigan and New York Tilden received 1,026,422 votes; Cleveland 1,187,715, being a gain of 161,293 votes. Hayes received 1,099,036; Blaine, 1,238,804, being a gain of only 139,768. The Republican gain was less than the Democratic gain, showing a "reign of terrorism" in Massachusetts, Illinois, Michigan and New York. —*Detroit Free Press*

INSINCERE STATEMENTS.

A Party Undeserving of the Respect of Good Citizens.

When the Mississippi Republican State Committee gave as a reason for declining to call a State Convention to nominate candidates for Governor and other officers that Republicans would not be allowed to vote in the first place, or if they did their votes would not be counted, a lie was uttered and the committee knew it. That is the long and short of it.

John R. Lynch, the colored ex-Congressman, who is the Chairman of that committee, evidently took his cue from John Sherman, and, knowing that his party would be fairly defeated at an honest election if nominations were made, he advised against a convention in order to be able to say that force and fraud would have beaten the Republican candidates had there been any. The trick is old and stale, and is of Northern white instead of Southern black origin.

It took Northern Republicans some time to learn that a majority of black voters in any given district did not always assure a Republican majority, but were often entirely consistent with a preponderance of Democratic voters. When Republican leaders found out that negro voters could not be counted on to vote their ticket year after year without variance or shadow of turning, but would in greater or less number support Democratic candidates, and that they could no longer get up a disturbance whenever it was deemed advisable as an excuse for throwing out votes, they resorted to the cowardly and contemptible expedient of keeping their party away from the polls in order to make out an awful case before a sympathizing Federal Administration and the entire Republican party.

Such a party in any State, no matter what its professed politics or alleged principles, ought to have no consideration shown it by anybody. It acknowledges its worthlessness by its action, and there seems no place suitable for it on the face of the earth.—*Washington Post.*